

The Historie of

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afeare of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if hee should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit: therefore he make him sure; yea, and he sweare I slew him. Why may not he rise as well as I nothing confutes mee but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come brother *John*, full brauely hast thou sleight Thy mayden Sword.

John But soft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliuie?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fals. No that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falsifalfe*, then am I a *Iacke*: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe mee any honour, so: if not, let him slay the next *Percy* himselte: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why *Percy*, I slew my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fals. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. He take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliuie, and would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

It remains is at the end of the play.

Henry the

For my part, if a lie will doe the
He guilde it with the happiest

Aretried

Prince The Trumpets sound
Come Brother, lets to the high
To see what friends are liuing,

Fals. He follow, as they say,
God reward him. If I do grow
and leaue Sacke, and liue clean

The Trumpets sound, enter the
John of Lancaster, B
Worcester and

King Thus euer did Rebelli
Ill spirited *Worcester*, did not we
Pardon and tearmes of Loue to
And wouldst thou turne our of
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsma
Three Knights vpon our party
A noble Earle, and many a crea
Had beene aliuie this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst tr
Betwixt our Armies true intelli

Wor. What I haue done, my
And I embrace this fortune pat
Since not to be auoyded, it falls

King Beare *Worcester* to the
Other Offenders we will pause
How goes the Field?

Prince The noble Scot Lord
The fortune of the day turn'd o
The noble *Percy* slaine, and all
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with
And falling from a hill, he was
That the pursuers tooke him. A
The *Douglas*'s, and I beseech
I may dispose of him.